

The most lamentable Tragedie

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

*Marc. Lucius* I will.

*Titus.* How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?  
Some booke there is that she desires to see:  
Which is it girle of these? open them boy,  
But thou art deeper read and better skild,  
Come and take choyse of all my Library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens  
Reueale the dambd contriuer of this deede.  
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

*Marc.* I thinke she meanes that there was more then one  
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:  
Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge.

*Titus. Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?

*Puer.* Grandfier tis *Ouids* *Metamorphosis*,  
My mother gaue it me.

*Marc.* For loue of her thats gone,  
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

*Titus.* Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,  
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shall I read?  
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,  
And treats of *Tereus* treason and his rape,  
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

*Marc.* See brother seenote how she quotes the leaues;

*Titus. Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,  
Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,  
Forced in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?  
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,  
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)  
Patternd by that the Poet heere describes,  
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

*Marc.* O why should nature build so foule a den,  
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

*Tu.* Giue signes sweet girle for heere are none but friends.

What

of *Titus Andronicus*

What *Romane* Lord it was durst do  
Or slonke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquinius*  
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucius*  
*Marc.* Sit downe sweet Neece,  
*Appollo*, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,  
Inspire me that I may this treason fi  
My Lord looke heere, looke heere

He writes his Name with his  
with feete and

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if I  
This after me, I haue writ my nam  
Without the helpe of any hand at al  
Curst be that hart that forst vs to r  
Write thou good Neece, and heere  
What God will haue discouered fo  
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy s  
That we may know the traytors a

She takes the staffe in her mouth,  
stumpes, and w

*Titus.* Oh doe ye read my Lord v  
*Staprum*, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

*Marc.* What, what, the lustfull f  
Performers of this hainous bloody

*Titus. Magni Dominator poli,*  
*Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus v*

*Marc.* Oh calme thee gentle Lor  
There is enough written vpon thi  
To stirre a mutenie in the mildest th  
And arme the mindes of infants to  
My Lord kneele downe with me,